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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, APRIL 7, 1904. NUMBER 6

NOTHING will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

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"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds.

"For riches are not forever; and doth the crown endure to every generation?

"The hay appeareth, the tender grass showeth itself, and herds of the mountains are gathered.

"The lambs are for thy clothing and the goats are the price of the field.

"And thou shalt have goat's milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household, and for the maintenance for thy maids."

—*John Burroughs.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Notes	83
The Rights and Duties of Citizenship	84
Editorial Wanderings—J. LL. J.	85
A Prayer—LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE	87
A Parable of Immortality—WILLIAM BRUNTON	87
THE PULPIT—	PAGE
The Drunkenness of Luxury—SAMUEL M. JONES	88
Higher Living—SMITH BAKER	91
A Little Sketch—W. D. NESBIT	92
THE STUDY TABLE—	
Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone—J. W. C.	93
Notes—E. P. POWELL	93
THE FIELD—	
Chicago	94
Foreign Notes—M. E. H.	94

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904. NUMBER 6

The problem of the co-education of the sexes which seems still to distress some of the higher institutions of learning, is steadily making its way into the confidence of the American people. A special correspondent of one of the Chicago dailies, writing of the Iowa College at Grinnell, Iowa, says, "Co-education has proved a grand success. The ladies have maintained themselves to the entire satisfaction of the most critical. The question of the advisability of co-education of the sexes has outlived discussion. Its results speak for themselves."

It is a shock to learn, through the *Boston Transcript*, that forty-three Boers are still detained in the Bermuda Islands by the English government simply because they refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the conquering government. This may be a case of obstinacy on both sides, but it would seem that here is an opportunity for the conquering to display that quality of mind most gracious in conquerors—magnanimity. The forty-three stalwart Boers can do the English government no harm. The world is big enough for the English government and forty-three unconquered Boers. Why not turn them loose, let them go free, and win by kindness the fidelity which they have been unable to command by force?

The March number of the *Pacific Unitarian* is a Starr King memorial number. It has a portrait insert and a sermon which Starr King preached a few months before he died, full of the fervid patriotism that made him the bravest soldier in California during the trying days of the war for the Union. There is a sketch of his life by his old parishioner and son-in-law, Horace Davis; memorial words by Dr. Bellows and other contemporaries. "Quickened are they who touch the prophet's bones." Starr King is still electric. His name is contagious. Let the later generations cultivate his acquaintance that they may catch his splendid spirit. We hope many of our readers will take pains to secure this memorial number by sending a dime to 374 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

Jean Cowgill is contributing a series of very valuable sociological studies to the Sunday edition of the *Chicago Chronicle*. In the last issue she has an article on the "boy's demand for wholesome fun," in which she exposes the criminal neglect of the respectable and the moral in this direction. She talks of the several hundred thousand women in Chicago and the still greater number of men who are "accomplices in crime" because they are so stolidly indifferent to the crime-making forces that play upon their children and the children of their neighbors. Well does she say, "The health of a nation is its children; the life of a nation is its children; they are its brawn and sinews; its blood and flesh." Our churches as well as our homes need to take more serious consideration of this fact.

Three memorial pamphlets, each of them bearing the name of Henry Demorest Lloyd on the outer cover, lie before us. One contains the program, the "Excerpts" and the "Appreciations" that were presented at the memorial meeting held in the Auditorium on the 29th of November of last year. The next contains the addresses delivered at that impressive meeting. The tributes of Judge Dunne, coming from the bench; of John Mitchell, coming from the mines; of Miss Addams, Edwin D. Mead, Clarence Darrow, Thomas Johnson, and Samuel Jones, Mayor of Toledo, coming from the throbbing heart and growing conscience of the American people, give to this pamphlet peculiar worth. The third pamphlet contains the less pretentious, more local, and on that account perhaps more tender and familiar utterances at the home memorial meeting at Winnetka, where the speakers were his old-time neighbors and friends—Frederick Greeley, President of the Winnetka Club; Quincy L. Doud, for many years pastor of the local church; Simeon Gilbert, Editor of the *Advance*, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. These pamphlets are indeed Easter flowers testifying to the continuous life and the immortality of truth, goodness and love.

At All Souls Church, Chicago, on the 15th inst., Robert Browning's drama, "Colombe's Birthday," will be interpreted dramatically by a cast which believes that the lines are capable of self-interpretation; that the movement is sufficiently intense to hold the interest, without the external assistance of costume, stage scenery and machinery. This is in the line of the contention of William Yeats, the Irish poet now in America, who is working for the establishment of an Irish drama that will dispense with much of the costly and dangerous spectacular embellishment of the modern stage. The dramatic surprise of "Everyman," the mediæval drama that was such a delight to the theater-goers of last year, consists largely in the discovery of how independent of the fripperies of the modern stage are true poetry and truly dramatic movements. The poet's primal appeal is to the ear, not to the eye. Some years ago this drama of Robert Browning's was presented at All Souls Church with fitting costumes and stage settings. It will be interesting to see how little these accessories will be missed where the lines are carefully studied and adequately rendered. Mr. Jones will preface the dramatic rendering by a sermon-study —Browning's "Colombe's Birthday"—next Sunday.

Chicago has had another municipal election for the sake of electing thirty-five aldermen. Costly municipal machinery had to be started up and a more expensive and more extensive partisan machinery has been set in motion, all of which ought to be avoided in the future by accepting the suggestion of the Municipal Voters' League of reducing the number and extending the term of city aldermen. But inasmuch as it had to be, the result is a very gratifying one. Independency has scored another decided triumph. In the sixth ward, the home ward of "Doc" Jamieson, the first lieutenant of Captain "Billy" Lorimer, who is supposed to carry the republican vote of the city of Chicago in his vest pocket, the Jamieson candidate was defeated by upwards of 1,200 majority, in a ward that was overwhelmingly republican. He was defeated not for personal reasons, but because, like poor dog Tray, he was found in bad company. Jamieson was recently appointed to an important federal office by the administration over the protest of the best citizens of Chicago, because it was supposed to be a "political necessity" in view of the approaching presidential campaign. This triumph of independency is a rebuke and a warning not only to the city of Chicago, but to the state of Illinois and to the national administration. The election in other parts of the city was equally gratifying. Out of the thirty-five candidates recommended by the Municipal Voters' League twenty-seven were elected. Out of the seventy members of the common council it is expected that fifty-six will under any emergency act honestly for the public good. The results of last Tuesday's election show that the Chicago voter is still much more interested in personalities than in principles; but it also shows an increasing readiness on the part of the public to vote directly for principle. Some sixty thousand voted for aldermen who did not think it worth while to give attention to the "little ballot," which gave an opportunity for both a referendum and initiative vote. But the "little ballot" vote aggregated 182,538, which exceeded by 15,000 the entire vote at the last judicial election. The "little ballot" presented four questions to the suffrage of the people, viz.: 1. The adoption of the Mueller law, which enables the city to acquire, construct and operate its own street railways. 2. Shall the city at once proceed under this act and take steps towards commanding and controlling its own street transportation? 3. Pending this action, no further franchises to be granted, but street railway companies to act under a license until municipal ownership can be obtained. 4. Shall the board of education be elected by the people instead of appointed by the mayor, as now? On all these questions the people voted overwhelmingly in the affirmative. Unfortunately, as we think, none of these votes are mandatory, and the dominant sentiment in the council and by the leading press of Chicago is doubtless that of postponement. "Reform, but not yet," is the normal attitude of conservatism. That Chicago is not ready to wisely manage its own street railways is doubtless true, but that it never will be ready until it faces the task is equally true, and that in facing the task and while getting ready competency and honor will be developed, is also, we think, true. There promptly appears in many quarters a disposition to parry the logic of this overwhelming vote. But let not capitalists and statesmen be deceived. The mighty power of democracy is behind this vote and it indicates the academic conclusion of the competent as well as the ethical rights of the multitude. Great as is the suffering of Chicago on account of inadequate transportation facilities within the city, its greatest wrongs are not material but ethical and psychical. We trust that the new council will not be stampeded into half-way measures in their haste to give us more and better street cars. Chicago can well afford to "hang onto the strap" five, ten, or twenty years more if thereby the transportation question can be solved on right lines, and the rights of the people, of all the people, rich and poor, be adequately respected. The surprising growth, not only of the independent but of the prohibition and socialist votes, in the recent returns is a significant fact. The hold of the old parties is breaking. The old issues are dead, or dying; new questions are pressing, and rearrangement and readjustment in national as well as in state and municipal politics is inevitable. Let the wise take note.

The Rights and Duties of Citizenship.

The most dramatic struggle of men has been the struggle for rights. This struggle has made and sanctified great battle fields. It has given birth to revolutions. For the right to think unchallenged by conservatism, innumerable lives have been sacrificed. For the privilege of self-government, armies have flung themselves against traditional conditions and overturned kingdoms. The rights of men have been practically achieved. Our present individual right of thought and action has been purchased with a price. We are justly proud of it. It is the crowning achievement of an age-long struggle. Our chiefest boast is the attainment of rights. If there is one thing the average American talks about, it is his rights. But rights involve corresponding duties. One is meaningless without the other. No man possesses a right without at the same time being burdened with a duty. Of our rights we are even boastfully aware and noisily jealous. To our duties we are still indifferent. Civic rights won, the next step is a deep and active appreciation of our duties.

One of the first duties of citizenship is a knowledge of civic conditions. The pride of the average man in his rights, is only equaled by his ignorance of the ordinary laws and the civic machinery of self-government. Thousands of intelligent men and women in Chicago could not explain our form of city government, or the methods of its procedure. The children in our schools are taught everything else on the earth beneath and in the heavens above except the duties and opportunities of citizenship—Greek, Latin, sewing and cooking, but practically nothing of the art of self-government and the duties and obligations thereof. The one thing that a citizen ought not to be ignorant of, our schools largely neglect. The first duty then of citizenship is civic knowledge.

The second great duty of citizenship is obedience to law. We are all clamorous for the enforcement of law—at times, and "against" the other fellow. I do not believe that Chicago is peculiar in the spirit of lawlessness, but without doubt our chief weakness is our indifference to law. First we have the habitual law-breaking class, the criminal contingent of a great city population. Our indignation against the criminal law-breaker is usually strong and just.

Second, we have the respectable law-breaking class, —the men who, in popular definitions, rank as "good citizens." I suspect that our real danger lies with our respectable law-breaker. Our civic integrity is more really threatened by the respectable law-breaker of the boulevards than by the criminal of the slums. Our greatest danger is not in the "hold-up man" of the streets. Our one dread is the anarchist. The typical anarchist is the newly arrived foreigner with bristling beard, unkempt hair, trousers tucked in boots, and an arsenal of dirks and handy guns hidden under his blouse.

An anarchist is a man who, in spirit at least, holds law in contempt and breaks it with impunity whenever opportunity offers and self-interest demands. There are anarchists in broadcloth as well as in jeans. Any man educated or uneducated, rich or poor, on the boulevard or in the slums, who holds law in contempt, is an anarchist in spirit. In one degree and another we here in Chicago are indifferent to law.

The mayor may not shirk his individual duty by proclaiming loudly the anarchy of our citizens. It is his business to see to it that the man who will not obey the law shall be made to obey it. Nevertheless, the paramount duty of the hour is the generous appreciation by every citizen of his individual duty to respect and obey the law. If the law is wrong, change it. But while it exists obey it. The top of society must set the example for the bottom. We have all sorts of laws, good laws, needed laws, and the average citizen pays no more attention to them than if they did not exist. We have ordinances against the smoke nuisance. Who obeys them? Watch the belching chimneys of the great industries, school buildings and churches, and note the persistent spirit of anarchy existing. We have ordinances against the spitting nuisance. Cleanliness and health are involved in their enforcement, yet thousands of men turn themselves into vile expectorations until the halls of our public buildings are sickening and our street cars unfit for decent people to use.

We have ordinances against littering our streets with paper and refuse. But with the choice of the streets and the receptacles for refuse, the average man will choose the street. Verily we demand a wide mark at which to throw our morning paper. These are only hints of our disobedience. Few of us that are not guilty in some degree. The right to be protected by law is a mark of our civilization but our disregard of the most common duties of obdience proclaims that the spirit of lawlessness runs from the top to the bottom of our civic life.

Here, then, is the real and pressing problem. *How shall we create an abiding sense of civic duties?* Citizenship has grown complicated. To be a good citizen is an art. We have not learned its alphabet. Prate less about rights. Preach more about duties. Begin in the schools. Make obedience to law one of the first lessons to our boys and girls. The easy-going discipline of our modern school is not guiltless in this matter. *We do not need more laws, we need respect for such as we have.* The average home with its sentimentalities, fails to lay the yoke of a reasonable discipline upon the children who are soon to be the citizens. Let our *"personal-liberty"* shouters be as solicitous about *personal duties.* We much need the preaching of a new gospel. *Rights we have and enough of them. Now for the religion of duty.*

R. A. WHITE.

Editorial Wanderings.

"BY MY LORD'S LEAVE!"

"Is there not some way by which I can drive through the grounds, come out on the other side and return to the city on some country road? I never like to retrace my steps when out for a horseback ride."

"Yes, sir-r, ye kin do it if ye caud find the roads, but it will be about a seventy-five mile ride, sir-r, to do that."

Thus I asked, booted and spurred, at the lodge gate of Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C., and thus with abundance of Scotch b-r-r did the Scotch gate-keeper reply as he enjoyed my discomfiture over the needless exposure of my ignorance. I ought to have been better informed, for everybody around Asheville is ready to educate the stranger concerning the estate of George Washington Vanderbilt, which, according to last accounts, covers over one hundred and fifty thousand acres, and additions are being constantly made. This, it is claimed, is the largest single landed estate owned by any one man in the world. The development of the estate is commensurate with its vast proportions, and the beauty of the situation is worthy of the lavish expenditure away up there in Sky-lands on the backbone of the Blue Ridge, where the north and the south meet in a climatic equilibrium that is at once balmy and vigorous, benignant and stimulating.

Nothing daunted by the crushing smile of the lodge-keeper, my goodly mount took to the road, and for four hours he carried me over such mountain roads as it is seldom the privilege of the horse to exploit his dancing step, the dainty single-foot; roads turnpiked, drained, macadamized, when necessary, concreted and iron-bridged, in and out among the pines, buried in the deep woods, emerging into the sunshine, lost in splendid vistas and delightful mountain ridges.

In the course of this four hours' ride we passed the stately French chateau, a castle so bespired, so arched, angled and pillared that the European duke, dwelling in his castle bathed in centuries of tradition, might well envy this achievement of a decade. We passed the extensive stables; the magnificent dairy barns where a famous herd of Jerseys live in luxuriant ease, as well they might, for they are all pedigreed and premiumed, beribboned as record-breakers in their annual output of milk or weekly maximum of butter. This is the home of "Chloe," the "golden Beatrice," "Roseberry," and many more bovine aristocrats famous in the Jersey

registers. We passed by a great piggery whose inhabitants were literally too comfortable to grunt, so sumptuous in their fatness that they know no wants. A mile or two farther along we dismounted and walked through one of the most extensive as well as most scientific poultry yards in the world. "Yon's the house wha' da keep de roosters what da takes to de shows; da does nothing but to fetch premiums wid 'em"; so the proud colored pickaninny whose business it was to "he'p fetch de aigs" informed us.

And lastly, beyond the great green-houses and extensive nurseries we came to the office of the "Biltmore School of Forestry," but unfortunately, it being Saturday afternoon, the school was closed, and we did not meet the head of this most important and most prophetic of all the technical schools in the country. There are few school rooms and we suspect few text-books found in the equipment of this school. The students study in those magnificent forests and learn by actual contact. In their overalls, with ax, shovel and pruning-hook, they do the thing. This makes of the Biltmore Forestry School a scholastic lumber camp, an academic chopping bee. Those mountain sides yield great piles of cord wood, railroad ties and piles of lumber, etc., etc., but no tree is destroyed until it has reached its maximum or yields up its life in the interest of another growth more promising.

Everywhere there is evidence that the coming of a Vanderbilt into this North Carolina mountain region has been in many ways a mighty educational power among the "mountain men" of this region. They have been taught how to do many things and have learned to utilize and appreciate their many resources.

It is hoped that when "Lord Vanderbilt"! has wearied of his plaything or when his title to the enjoyment of it expires by limitation of time, he will give back this great mountain tract to whom it belongs, the whole people of the state of North Carolina, to hold it as a national trust forever free as a park, inviting the tired and the sick, the ignorant and the lonely who may travel hither from any land, carrying with them the peculiarities and needs of all classes and races.

IN THE COTTON MILLS OF THE SOUTH.

Startling was the evidence that the center of the cotton industry is surely passing from Massachusetts, the blue-blooded commonwealth of the North, to South Carolina, the blue-blooded commonwealth of the South. In the eight or more college towns which we found in western South Carolina and northeastern Georgia, the cotton mills were visited. The railroads everywhere are beaded with mills. The great mountain visions on every hand are punctured by tall smoke stacks, and the piney green of the slopes is smirched by the great clouds of smoke pouring from those tall chimney tops. Mill villages are springing up on every hand. At Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina, we visited the Olympia mill, which, it is claimed, is the largest cotton mill, under one roof, in the world. This transfer of the industrial center from the cold, over-crowded cities of the North to the open, sunny hillsides of the South ought to be accompanied by most benign results. The newness of the buildings, the openness of the country and the consequent cheapness of real estate, as well as the hospitality of the climate, surround the operators with the most benignant sanitary and other physical conditions conceivable. These mills largely represent foreign capital but local management. Southern men and women are learning to direct the southern laborers that come down out of the mountain pockets, leaving behind them the rustic habits of the farmer to take up the exacting routine and the regular pay of the mill-hands. These mills are already being confronted with labor problems and economic perplexities. Here in the sunny South is found the storm center of the child labor problem. The mills are full of little children, children that are yet in the main rosy, healthy and happy. They represent a rising people, not a disintegrated or a degraded element. Cotton-milling South Carolina is a new state, a new community, confronted with new perplexities and new opportunities of measureless proportion. It is to be hoped that they will profit by the experience of their more sordid neighbors and, before it is too late, adjust the relation of the spindle to the spelling book in the lives of the children and lessen the hours of labor for the adult, in order to increase their economic and civic values.

A RENAISSANCE OF THE LYCEUM.

What high hopes Emerson had for the American lyceum! He called it the "secular pulpit of America." How he urged the great and grim Thomas Carlyle to cross the sea and bring his message to the lyceum platform, promising him the open ear, the popular attention, and, to a reasonable degree, pecuniary profit! How since the day of Phillips and Parker and Emerson and Curtis and Whipple, the lecture platform has degenerated and become a place for commercial adventurers, exploiters of flippant rhetoric, with their laborious efforts to make a living by the sweat of their risibles, is a matter of common observation.

There are indications that the platform is to be rehabilitated with moral earnestness and that it may become again a source of civic power and social culture. This reform must be brought about by an academic movement. The colleges and the high schools, the educational forces in the smaller towns, and the less pretentious educational institutions, are awakening to the value of personality in the work of education, are recognizing that fire, fervor, emotions and enthusiasms are indispensable elements in culture.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell, of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., has succeeded beyond any of his colleagues, so far as we know, in demonstrating the possibility of making the platform supplement the class room, and of allying the lecturer with a serious purpose, that of culture, making of him a co-laborer with the professor. Wofford College is a typical small town college with over half a century of history, reaching back before the war. It is fairly well equipped, with an earnest faculty and five hundred or more students, but necessarily isolated in a town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. It has an academic companion in Converse College in the same town, accommodating nearly the same number of young ladies. And there are neighboring colleges scattered up and down the Piedmont

country,—Firman College, a Baptist institution at Greenville; the Presbyterian women's college at Columbia; the Williamstown women's college at Williamstown; Winthrop College; the State Normal School for girls at Rock Hill; and Clemson College, the state agricultural school for boys, at Calhoun. Professor Gamewell has succeeded, in co-operation with these colleges, in organizing from time to time lecture itineraries for such men as have a message from the world of today beyond this local circle. In this way into this South Carolina lecture circuit such men as Thomas Nelson Page, Hamilton Mabie and Professor Van Dyke, of Princeton University, have been brought. On this circuit the Editor of UNITY spent the larger part of his March escape from the Chicago winds. At each of these places he found cordial reception, large and hearty hearing, his place in the "course" being supplemented by chapel talks, addresses to women's clubs, etc. He spoke on such themes as "Home-Making," "The Three Reverences," "George Eliot," etc., etc. All the way around it was a season of enlarging fellowship and broadening sympathies. The "Yankee soldier" of forty years ago found himself keeping step and walking arm in arm with the "Confederate Johnny" of the same ancient history. The old-time abolitionist found himself an honored and welcome guest at the fireside of the venerable Dr. Carlisle, —the foremost citizen of South Carolina, and one of the two or three survivors of the band that signed the articles of secession for South Carolina in December, 1860. And all along and everywhere it was mutual exchange of fellowship and cordiality. Common prayers, familiar talk and public speech revealed the fundamentals held in common and the inspirations of common quests. Science, patriotism, morals and religion are served by such exchanges, and it is to be hoped that many a college itinerary is to be formed in the near future after the pattern of the South Carolina circuit that has grown up under the hand of Professor Gamewell.

J. LL. J.

A Prayer.

There is truth deeper than man's knowing. There is beauty larger than man's seeing. There is love richer than man's feeling. There is goodness over and beyond man's utmost reaching.

"Life of our lives, than self more near," beauty, love, truth and goodness—flowing through all time, all being, and ever into the willing spirit to enable and refresh!

There is that which binds the years in their succession, the incidents of life in certain unity; the joys and sorrows, hopes and failures, fears and victories into a perfect whole. There is that which gives abiding meaning to the passing hour, and converts all living into life.

Deep noted are man's joys, high anchored are his hopes. Upon the sea of eternity rests the little bark of time. In life all human lives are cradled.

Oh, for a sense of the source man may not fathom, the meaning he may not know, the end he may not comprehend! Oh, for trust in the order which is seen, in the purpose which is felt, in the direction man is constrained to take! And every subtle voice is speaking of the sacred, and every moving of the spirit is from, and in, and unto the life of lives!

Be open, oh heart, and mind, and spirit, to the inflowing of life. Oh, to be born anew, and every hour anew, fresh creation from the source of being!

Life that giveth life, infinite, eternal, source of all, may men be worthy temples of thy presence! And carry thy life into the world of time, make rich the days with eternal content, strengthen the world with the strength of truth, enrich humanity with the joy of love, and know and spread the peace that passeth understanding!

LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE.

A Parable of Immortality.

Now the man said within himself: "It is all a dream that we live again after death; it is a foolish fancy, and we ought to know better in these days of education and enlightenment. There is nothing to substitute or support such an idle dream. Once dead, we are dead and that is the end of us—we shall never more be seen or heard of, and all that remains of us will be scattered and come in other forms, as it has many and many a time before." He thought he had settled the question once for all, and that he would not be troubled with it again. He confidently supposed it was finally put on one side, and in this conviction he seemed to rest.

But he did not—stupidly there arose in his mind a question like this: "Which is the more wonderful—that you should live on after being here, or the fact that you are living with all your powers and their pleasures? Is not your present more marvellous than any future, because this seems to be a real call out of death, while the other, sweet and pleasant as it may be, is only the flower coming where the branches and green leaves invited it?

"The thing you deem impossible has occurred, you are now from the dead. Consider that and give it weight along with your doubts and see how masterful it is.

"Moreover, would it not be stupid of the Power, in whose eternity you are, foolish indeed of it, to be at the infinite pains of its own eternal goodness, to bring you here, and polish your roughness, and eliminate by culture the animal and savage, and awaken the hopes and the elements of fine spirituality, the one perfect blossoming promise of the world—and then to fail to carry out its own hope and dream?"

Again the man was puzzled and in perplexity—so he went out into the springtide to meditate. He said: "There is nothing like nature for taking the cobwebs out of the brain. Be with her, and you will have no vapors of foolishness." And he was glad with the joy of the whole earth coming to life out of the winter sleep. The sunshine was so welcome in its brightness, and the breeze so refreshing, and the birds so friendly, and all like a new earth to him. O it was so good he could hardly contain himself.

Then Nature spake to him and said: "O thou of little faith, abide with me in the grand certainty that the Love is equal to itself. It shows how easy is the world—making by doing it afresh every year without any loss—with all the old fulness and worth. This is the sign it gives. Let thy heart rest in this. And then to show how life-waking is bliss, it gives thee sleep, the rest of the night and the miracle of the morning!"

The man was in a new mood, the spirit had led him into the garden of God, where death is unknown, where life is the all and has the potency and promise of the always. And the song of birds was as the chiming of the Easter bells.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

We trust in Providence; but when it's time for him to thunder, we put up the lightning-rods and take to the storm-pits.

THE PULPIT.

The Drunkenness of Luxury.

A SERMON BY SAMUEL M. JONES, MAYOR OF TOLEDO, DELIVERED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1904.

Perhaps if this talk had been labeled "The Wantonness of Luxury," it might better express my thought with regard to that particular vice.

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I know of no form of vice of which these words are more true than that particular form now under consideration, and the poet's words utter only a half truth, for vice in any form is really a monster of hideous mien, and the actual reason why we first pity, then endure, then embrace, is not because we have seen it too often, but rather because we have not seen it at all. The eyes of our spiritual understanding have not been opened.

Truth only is beautiful, and the soul is so constituted that when it once sees the truth, it must embrace it; on the contrary, a lie is always hideous—never beautiful—and when the soul sees or hears or feels a lie, it must inevitably shun it, abhor it, flee from it.

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," was the prayer of the Master with respect to the perpetrators of the foulest deed of all history, and the prayer may be uttered with equal truth today with respect to every being on the planet that is in any wise out of harmony with the divine law, is in any way living an untrue, unclean or ignoble life. "They know not what they do."

The unspeakable pitifulness of the state in which live our thousands and hundreds of thousands of whiskey drunkards and their families and the society that their lives pollute, can only be depicted in these words, "They know not what they do." Of the debauchees of morphine, of cocaine, of chloral, of hashish, of absinthe, of opim, of sexual prostitution, and all of the unspeakable forms of vice that destroy the body and distress and hinder the soul, the Christ spirit can only say: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

There is no sin but ignorance. Only the ignorant child can put his hand into the fire. Only ignorance of the fact that natural law—not the puny man-made law—can never be suspended, evaded, avoided or annulled would ever tempt a soul to the slightest infraction. All through the ages, the Masters, the poets, the prophets and saviors have been uttering and repeating this fundamental truth: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and it is clear that there is no righteous attitude of mind that we can hold toward the erring of whatever class or name or station but the loving, the forgiving state with which we regard the erring, wayward child, the imbecile or demented or insane person—"They know not what they do."

It is exactly in this spirit that I would talk with you about what appears to me one of the most hopeless, one of the most insidious and destructive forms of drunkenness that afflicts our present-day civilization. For centuries we have heard all about the woes of the drunkard and "him that putteth the bottle to his neighbors' lips." Prophets, poets, painters, dramatists, lecturers, preachers and law-makers have exhausted their ingenuity in attempt to adequately picture and mitigate the horrors that beset the drunkard's path both here and hereafter; but all of this energy has been very largely directed to the suppression of whiskey drunkenness, while of manifold other forms, equally insidious, equally destructive, the voice of warning has scarcely been raised.

There are many things to help the common drunkard out of his vice. There is the disgrace that attaches, the being barred out of "good society," the sore head the next morning. These are unmistakable marks that advertise the disgrace; the staggering gait, the poisoned breath, the maudlin words; all these the drunkard is at times consciously and unspeakably ashamed of. I have seen—I intimately know and dearly love some of the victims of this dreadful vice. I have known debauchees of whiskey, of opium, of morphine, of cocaine, of drug habits of various sorts, yet I never knew one that did not at times have unspeakable longings to be free from the chains that bound him, and for all such there is hope; there is reason to believe that the awakened will-power may gain strength and that at some time these erring ones may, like the prodigal son, come to themselves and say, "I will arise and go to my father"; that is, I will embrace the truth and go on to the beautiful life.

But there is a drunkenness that carries not with it the seeds of warning, the drunkenness of luxury, luxurious living, and the indolence and laziness which luxurious living breeds, which, like the siren who lulled her victims into a dreamless sleep, so stupefies its victims that they not only "know not what they do," but actually know not where they are or where they are drifting, apparently not only unconscious of danger, but, by reason of the erroneous and imperfect conception of life they are lulled into fancied security—aye, congratulated and congratulating themselves that they are the very elect of God and that his approval is manifested towards them in that he has provided them with the ability to live the idle life that is destroying the body and hindering the soul.

I have no words of denunciation. There is nothing in that. All souls are equally precious in the sight of God, and I regard the idle sons and daughters growing up in useless and to useless lives on the avenues and boulevards with the same pathos, with the same unutterable pity, with which I look upon the wretched lives of the wronged children of the city poor. They are wronged children on both hands.

I know of no agency that can reach and help any soul but the agency of love, and it is because I love my kind, because I love humanity, that I plead for the children of the rich that they too have a right to live human lives, even though they are born into an environment that they knew not of, that they too have right to be useful, a right to share in the work of the world, a right to the joy of building and making this world an ever and ever more beautiful place for the sons of men to dwell in.

John Boyle O'Reilly saw the pathetic side of the lives of the ignorant rich and stated it very tersely in these words:

> "I view not with pride but pity
> The burdens the rich endure;
> There is nothing sweet in the city
> But the patient lives of the poor."

Thirty years ago, John Ruskin wrote these memorable words: "Only the ignorant can enjoy luxury; the cruelest man alive could not sit at his feast did he not sit blindfold." Where is the rich man or rich woman who could by any possibility have felt during this hard winter just now drawing to a close that he or she was comfortably warmed or clothed or fed except for the fact of being ignorant, willingly or unwillingly, of the shivering, suffering and starving brothers and sisters that were just outside the walls of the luxurious homes. Home! What a travesty on the word is one of our modern elegant mansions, where a few inmates loll in luxury, ministered unto and

served by brothers and sisters who are created equals by the decree of almighty God, declared equal by the fundamental law of our democracy, yet as absolutely and certainly slaves, so far as social relation, so far as all the essential facts of life are concerned as were ever the chattel slaves of the South.

It is a sad reflection that after so many centuries of man's experience on the earth, the mind of the present-day civilization is largely poisoned with the idea that an idle life is a desirable life; and that this delusion should enslave the American mind, or, indeed that it should find a dwelling-place among us at all is perhaps the saddest part of the reflection. Somehow, some way, some time, we must grow out of this stupefaction, for of all the deplorable things, of all the pitiable objects that encumber the earth today, the most deplorable, according to the teaching of all history, philosophy and religion, is the idle man or woman. Perhaps it will help to deepen the impression of this truth if I repeat some lines that I wrote a few years ago:

"God pity the idlers, the rich or the poor,
No souls on the earth that need pity more.
The dull sluggish brain and the ice-chilly heart,
Of the world's stock of joy feel never a part,
For joy comes of labor, of doing one's share
To lighten the burden of all the world's care.

"'Co-workers with God!' What a promise to men!
What a mission! What glory's reserved for us then!
When we once awake and our destiny see,
E'en angels exalted might envious be.
To the workers all hail! for the race they will save,
From the foul name of master, or idler, or slave.

"Then hail to the workers, true Kings of the earth,
The builders of worlds, creators of mirth!
Though they dig in the mine or delve in the soil,
Their sleep is more sweet; 'tis the fruit of their toil.
God pity the idlers though rich or though poor,
No souls on the earth that need pity more."

I think you will all understand that my pity is for all idlers. I make no exceptions. I cannot understand how either possession or position of any sort can justify a human being in living an idle life. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is the divine decree written in every atom of man's being, physical, intellectual and spiritual. We get what we give. Would I have a strong, firm, well-knit body and vigorous health; do I desire to stand erect, walk upright like a man "created in the divine image," then I must use my body. I can never get firmness and health by sitting in easy chairs, riding in rubber-tired vehicles and breathing the fetid atmosphere of stuffy rooms. I must use my body, and the more exercise that I give my body in the form of useful, productive labor, work—I mean with heart, with head and with hand—the more rapidly shall I move forward toward the higher and ever higher plane of life that destiny has marked out for us all.

An inheritance of large estates and great riches or regular "dividends" that I receive as an idle shareholder will, it is true, enable me to live an idle life, but sooner or later I shall learn that I am a sinner, that I must earn my dividends, that I have attempted to violate the divine decree, and I must pay the penalty of my rashness. This is the lesson we may learn from the beaten lives of the rich and the well-to-do that flock by the thousands and hundreds of thousands to the sanitariums East, West, North and South, vainly trying to buy with ill-gotten wealth—ill-gotten because unearned by honest toil—the good health that lies directly within the reach of every soul, no matter where it may be, that will obey the divine law and stretch forth the hand and take it.

The familiar story of the mariners who had run out of a supply of fresh water at sea and were nearly perishing for the want of it illustrates the point. They were in the mouth of the Amazon river, which is there so wide that the shores cannot be seen; their vessel was flying signals of distress, and a prayer of thanksgiving went up as another vessel was sighted. When within speaking distance, the suffering mariners cried out: "Water, water! we are perishing for water!" "Reach over the side and dip it," came back the reply. Their ignorance was their sin. They knew not that life was within their reach.

Our faculties are quickened, strengthened, purified, perfected, by use, but they must all be used. God never designed one being for brain work exclusively, another for hand work exclusively, nor has he ever designed that a select few should have no more trying occupation than to loll around in luxuriously furnished rooms, absolutely lost in a slough of sofa pillows, with nothing to do, but wondering what they shall buy next; and nature wisely provides that this sort do not long cumber the ground, for they are not of the kind that obey the scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth," and their very names soon disappear from our directories.

Luxury does not mean merely living well; merely that one has enough to develop all the faculties of the body; it literally means that one has too much, and too much and too little are equally destructive to human life. Too much to eat, too much to drink, too much to wear, too much entertainment, too much to see, too much amusement, too much professional education—all these are just as much of a hindrance to the development of a human life as the converse. Indeed, it is fair to presume that dreadful as are the pangs of hunger endured by the poor in our civilization, there are yet more people dying from the effects of gorging, of over-eating, than from hunger. The people who can afford all sorts of dainties to tempt their appetites stuff themselves to repletion and then, lacking the necessity of work, they fail to get the exercise that is necessary to quicken the circulation and bring the red blood of life into activity to aid the work of digestion, and, in consequence, there comes the innumerable train of diseases, followed by doctors, drugs, dope and death.

The dreadful delusion amounting to drunkenness in the minds of those who call themselves the upper or better classes is the thought that to know *how to work* is to be equipped for the experiences of life. This is particularly true with respect to young women, and really I think it is a part of the mischievous teaching carried on in our schools all the way from the high school to the college or university. By reason of this mischievous nonsense, manual training has been very largely robbed of its glory. Girls are taught that they should know how to cook, how to do washing and ironing, how to sweep a room, how to make a bed, an apron or a gown, not in order that they *may* cook, make a bed, sweep rooms, do a washing or a neat job of mending; oh, no, forsooth! but that they *may know how to direct some one else to do it.*

Boys are taught how to work in a blacksmith shop, the foundry, the machine shop, the carpenter shop, but they are not, to any great extent, taught that a man may live a noble life doing the work that they have learned how to do; on the contrary, it is impressed upon them as on the girls that they, having had superior advantages, should not throw away their lives as mere workmen; they should look for and expect opportunities to boss or direct their brothers, who, because they have not had superior advantages, must, of necessity, be inferior.

How could there be a greater fundamental error? How could a young man or woman be more seriously damaged and really unfitted for life in a democracy, in

a nation such as ours, than by stuffing them with this sort of nonsense? I am sure I do not know.

The trouble with this sort of teaching is that it is a lie, and a lie always hurts, and the one worst hurt is always the liar. The individual or the institution, be it school, church, state or nation, that teaches a lie, must pay the penalty of that wrong-doing as certainly as water will seek its level. We should learn to work only because it is learning to do something useful. We should learn to do only those things we would find delight in doing, because through it we could minister to the family, to the unity of which we are an atom. To learn to do a sort of work that I would despise only that I may be equipped to boss others in the doing of it, degrades me and puts the brand of menial upon those whom I assume to direct.

As the smallest pinion in my watch is necessary to the operation of the whole as a timekeeper, so any work that is necessary for man's comfort, development and growth on the earth is of equal importance and entitled to equal recompense. Just as the small pinion in the watch must be protected from the dirt and dust and friction that would hinder its running, and receive the necessary oil to lubricate it in order to preserve and get the best results from the watch, so every human being doing a necessary part of the world's work is entitled, by the divine law, to have free access to everything that the earth affords that will help him or her to a better and ever better life, and no human being has need of anything more. Anything more becomes luxury or drunkenness.

We are here to learn how to make our lives beautiful. The old catechisms say that "the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." The only way we can make all life beautiful is by giving every life opportunity to be beautiful. Edward Carpenter says: "You cannot make your room beautiful by buying an expensive ornament and putting in it, but if you live an honest life in it, it will grow beautiful as it comes to meet the needs of such a life." Who can fail to see the truth, beauty and force of this sentiment? And yet all over this America of ours, in this government, as Lincoln said, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," very many of us are striving to make our rooms and our vulgarly big houses beautiful by filling them with ornaments, with dead things, that in no wise help to make our lives beautiful, that serve no purpose, as far as I can see, except it be to make slaves of the people who, day after day, and week after week, dust them, scrub them, clean them and despise them.

Henry D. Thoreau, one of our most advanced disciples of the simple life, when he was living by himself in a house that he built with his own hands, doing his own work at Walden Pond, tells of his experience with a so-called ornament that he had on his shelf, and he says: "I began to inquire what useful purpose it served. Finally I determined that it served none; on the contrary, I had to waste time every now and then, dusting and cleaning it, and having made up my mind to this fact, I promptly threw it out of the window, as I afterwards learned to my great relief and advantage." If we were all suddenly emancipated from the slavery of things and followed Thoreau's example tomorrow morning, what a lot of useless trumpery and rubbish would litter the streets of our American cities.

The worst and most deadly thing about the drunkenness of luxury is that it separates life into fragments. The baldest denial both of our democracy and the Christianity of Jesus that I find in our American life is in our servant system.

Believing in unity, in democracy and in Christianity, I am utterly unable to understand how I can be true to these ideals and hold any human being in a menial relation, and certainly human beings, living with other human beings under the same roof, where there is a dead line between the back part and the front part, over which those who do all the work dare not go except to wait on and serve the others—these certainly are menials to those who do none of the work and whose only service is the directing of it.

A friend of mine recently wrote: "I could not live in a house and be served by a menial. Such service would poison every mouthful of food that I carried to my lips." Yet there is a helper in his family, but the helper lives with them on equal terms, not as a menial but as a friend and equal. "Oh, but," I hear some one protest, "our servants are not menials; they are our dear friends;" and I think there are those who delude themselves into believing this error. When I ask, "Why, then, do they not eat with you at the table sometimes? Why is it an iron-clad rule, no matter under what circumstances, no matter how tidily dressed they may be, that they cannot sit down and break bread with you?" I get the reply: "But they would not want to." "Ah, indeed, whose fault is it that they would not want to? Is it ours, or is it theirs? Is it the fault of those who serve or those who are served?"

I place my finger upon this one thing as the cancerous sore spot in our American civilization. We can never have social peace or political justice so long as we burden our democracy with this blasphemous heritage of aristocracy that clings to the servant question. I plead not for the emancipation of the servant; the servant and the servant class have the best times, the most fun, the most life, for the reason that it is better to suffer injustice than to be unjust. I plead for the emancipation of the master and the mistress. I plead for opportunity for those to be American, to be human, to be Christian, and there is no hope of that until we recover from the drunkenness of luxury and the luxurious living to which our present-day ideals, to a very great extent, are leading us. To know social peace and political justice in household, in city, in state, in nation and in the world, we have only to accept, adopt and be true to the idea of unity, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all humanity. Away with aristocracy! Away with aristocratic notions and the slavery that follows in the wake of kingcraft and the luxurious idlers of the world. Let us obey the command, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and let us understand that we can eat honest bread in no other way.

"Henceforth, I call you not servants,"
The message a Master thus gave,
For "servant" or "menial" or "hireling"
Degrades a dear friend to a slave.
Equality, Brothers—the watchword
America takes in the van;
And here we are making a nation
Where no title is higher than man.

A man fully grown in the image
Divine, in which we are made;
Dauntless, yet tender and loving,
He's neither ashamed nor afraid.
Oh, how shall we sing of the glory
With America heeding love's plan?
Then the stars will join in the chorus—
No title is higher than man.

The fellow in the ten-acre field would be happier if he only stopped to think of the burdens the poor old mule is carrying,—a heavy plow, a mortgage, and his private opinion of the man who is plowing him.

It's the opinion of the Jaybird that fine feathers make fine folks; and the poor fool has never learned enough to know he's mistaken!

Higher Living—XXXIX.

Man cannot make principles; he can only discover them.—*Thomas Paine.*

Old folks notice a great deal more—and look further on—than young people imagine. We are given to projecting futures for them, and anticipating their probabilities, in the light of our own past. We put ourselves back to a starting-point like theirs, as we see it, and live on with them, as we think they might live on.—*A. D. T. Whitney.*

He was at an age when all the gifts and graces are but so much undiscriminated food to the waning egoism of youth.—*Edith Wharton.*

If I find in myself an evil impulse, I find what in itself considered is, indeed, something hateful, lamentable, possibly horrible, something which regarded for itself can apparently form no part of a good order. But suppose I resist the evil impulse, hate it, hold it down, overcome it, then, in this moment of hating and condemning it *I make it part of my larger moral goodness.*—*Josiah Royce.*

While the locks are yet brown on thy head,
While the soul still looks through thine eyes,
While the heart still pours
The mantling blood to thy cheek,
Sink, O youth, in thy soul!
Yearn to the greatness of Nature;
Rally the good in the depths of thyself!
—*Matthew Arnold.*

Higher Living has always called for righteous control of the natural instincts. Religion has everywhere been so closely allied to personal chastity that the two have often been regarded as essentially synonymous. To this end avoidance of the temptation which comes through social contact has heretofore been considered as specially worthy. The monastery, the nunnery, the anchorite's cell, the technical setting apart to celibacy, the voluntary renunciant in varied manner, have marked the spread of all the world's great religions. Even now there are many who feel themselves degraded, if not hopeless, because they cannot absolutely still the sensuous tides of their humanity, and who endeavor, by every sort of flight, both actual and figurative, to find a place or attain to some condition where the peace of the unprovoked shall forever abound.

But the time is at hand when another and better founded notion of chastity may prevail. This notion is derived from the fact that man in all his highest, purest aspirations and efforts may do his very best, not when alone, but when in society. This fact includes the recognition that the better way to be "alone with God" is to be thoroughly public in the midst of as many of his children as practicable. Slowly it is coming to light that society, that is, humanity in its aggregate, most fully presents the face in which the Spirit of God is most clearly to be seen. To look upon this face with eyes rightly informed and trained, is to see the Light in the world which is ever striving to be manifest. And this Light, shining forth upon the beholder, not only reveals the divinity of its own source, but divinely vitalizes him upon whom it falls.

This higher regard for humanity, when particularized in the individual woman or man, constitutes the real safeguard which chastity has always so assiduously been seeking. Woman's safety and man's safety alike depend absolutely upon this higher regard, and this alone. So long as either man or woman is looked upon as legitimate prey for sentimentalism, or selfishness, or cruel recklessness, no one is or can be safe. The hope of the world in these respects lies in the investure of the human body and soul with such a sacredness that, as a matter of course, imposition will be inhibited and protection established, whenever temptation shall present.

One of the most important steps toward the realization of this sacred regard for humanity, and the Higher Living which may accrue from it, can be taken in connection with an attempt to change the ideas which underlie marriage, and the practices which grow out of these. To regard marriage as an institution for the gratification of certain adult personal impulses, is as natural as it is universal. To regard the outcome of marriage in personal gratification and parental realization to be perfectly legitimate does not, of itself, necessarily imply wrong of any sort except that the higher fulfillment is thus interfered with at a time when something better is possible. The fault with most conceptions of marriage is to be found in their shallowness and shortsightedness, rather than in any fixed or deep motive of wrong.

Marriage, to be conducive to Higher Living, should be properly anticipated. To look forward to marriage with sensibilities chiefly focussed upon individual longing and preferences, is but to feed the sensual fires, not only of self, but of all others in the midst. With such, conversation, actions, everything conduce to generate an atmosphere, the influence of which others surely feel if they do not always recognize. In such an atmosphere of spiritual unchastity, an education, subtle but none the less degrading, invariably goes on. The young man and woman unwittingly imbibing this education are forever correspondingly devitalized and lowered in tone—morally always, physically many times. Neither can afterwards look upon the other with the clear eye, the true heart, or the pure thought which should be the unimpeached right of either.

Marriage itself should be considered a holy alliance. But it cannot be thus considered so long as present fundamental ideas as to its purposes and possibilities prevail. Holiness to be holiness must regard others at least equally with ourselves—must, likewise, always think of and for, and provide for and protect, the weaker whenever needed. But, as it is, people marry with no evident thought of this whatever. They simply ask, Shall we be all right ourselves, and do not ask, Will the little weakling which may come to our arms be properly parented, at least, within reasonable expectations? Yet the whole ethical significance of marriage, the entire of its contributing reasonably to Higher Living, may be also jeopardized just here. No more pathetic sight, no more cruel retribution ever comes to pass than when parents realize that their progeny were not begotten in love but in lust, not in primary regard for the rights of the unformed offspring, but indifferently, or worse. Then it is that the hideous fallacy continuously underlying the present notions of marriage, is revealed. Then it is that one is forced to pray that before many generations shall have come and gone, the prospective child and its needs and possibilities shall constitute the first and chief basis upon which the marriage contract or sacrament shall be founded. Love then will mean something more than passion; passion itself will be recognized as the sacred inspiration to procreative integrity; and parental realizations will not admit of trifling or desertion, simply because of personal lack or disaffection.

Said the "Mistress of the Glen" to Henry Van Dyke: "And you will remember that love is not getting but giving; not a dream of wild pleasure and a madness of desire. Oh, no. Love is not that. It is goodness, and honor and peace, and pure living in the world; yes, love is that; and the best thing in the world; and the thing that lives longest." And, so Mrs. Browning, in her "Sonnets From the Portugese" sings equally clear of those "who love through all this world of ours," whether overgrown with "eglantine and ivy," or with "bitter weeds" and "rue."

Nor need this notion of love, and the allied notion of marriage primarily for the child's sake, be allowed to destroy the feeling for the warmer sentiment, at all. Indeed, it may be believed that it is, and will be, just those who entertain these notions, who will be able to prove that the love and marriage which most rapidly

ripens into a life-long friendship, is the one which will prove the most satisfactory and permanent. Marriage being thus instituted for what Walter Pater quotes from the Old Cyrenaics, "As life for life's sake," will naturally predetermine the permanent adaptation of its intelligent participants, to the accomplishment of the most thoroughly vitalized results possible.

Moreover, but let the energy that is now wasted in disappointment and separations, and in caring for crippled and undeveloped lives, once be given to inculcating this truer point of view from which marriage may be regarded, and Higher Living will receive an impetus such as has seldom been noted. For not only will the home be better founded and protected, but each member will be safer from the temptations which now so frequently intrude upon and overcome.

SMITH BAKER.

A Little Sketch.

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds,
Fewer words and better deeds.

Less of "Thus and so shall you
Think and act and say and do,"
More of "How may I be true?"

Less of wrangling over text;
Less of creed and code perplexed;
More of charity unvexed.

Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone;"
More of heart that will condone.

Less of ruling: "Hear: You must
Hold this tenet, wrong or just;"
More of patient, hopeful trust.

Less of microscopic scan
Of the faults of fellowman,
More of brave, uplifting plan.

Less of dogma, less pretense,
More belief that Providence
Sanctifies our common sense.

More of chords of kindness blent
O'er the discords of dissent—
Then will come the great content.

"To be good, and to do good"—
Simple, plain, for him who would,
A creed that may be understood.

W. D. NESBIT.

Happiness.

Happiness seems to be the motive power of all human actions. Every human being, from the ape-like Hottentot to Nietsche's "Ubermensh" (over man), is in search of the precious thing called happiness. Whether rich or poor, great or small, old or young, we seek it. To some it is like a Fata Morgana, which seen in the hazy distance, departs as they run after it. This perpetual happiness- hunting, if I may so call it, leads us to inquire into the nature of happiness.

What is happiness? On what does it depend? These are among the leading questions that present themselves to every thinking mind. Let us try to partially analyze it. Is it a feeling of comfort, of tranquility, of satisfaction? I would say—yes. And if we admit that it is a feeling of comfort, of satisfaction, then we begin to realize the difficulties of giving an exact answer to our questions.

One man may feel happy after a good meal, the other may feel happy after reading a good book. Some people are happy when studying the unseen world, others while studying the immensity of space, with its ever revolving planets. Love seems to make every one happy, and still, strange to say, some people look upon it as the source of unhappiness. Children may bring happiness to some people while others again think they are burdensome. Gold is burdensome to nearly all who possess too much of it, and still some people claim that it makes them happy. Some people seem to be made happy by doing mischief, others by doing good. The last words of one of the men who were hanged in Chicago in 1887 were, "This is the happiest moment of my life." He sacrificed his life for his ideal, and this made him happy.

Thus we see that happiness is conceived by every one in a different way. But while the above may be true, we still may know to some extent what happiness is and how it can be realized. As I said before, happiness is a feeling of satisfaction. Satisfaction comes from pleasures. Pleasures give birth to happiness.

Real happiness, I believe, consists in such pleasures as may be called perpetual, pleasures that do not injure the body or the mind. The pleasures that bring momentary satisfaction only, can hardly be called factors of happiness. If they bring happiness for a moment, they leave us unhappy and miserable as soon as they are passed. A drunkard may feel happy while he drinks, but alas for the after effects. And besides drunkards, there is a great army of all kinds of wretches who are victims of some momentary pleasures.

The above leads us to the conclusion that happiness can be gained only by study and real, healthy, hearty work. To the man or woman who has given his or her time to the noble pursuits of the intellect, happiness is not a fictitious term. They delight in seeing trees and flowers, grass and leaves, birds and stars, the sun and the moon. Nature is full of life to them. The brook sings, the woods whisper beautiful tales. Everything is alive, everything has some meaning to it.

What is more comforting and inspiring than a beautiful poem, or a well written description of nature? What can delight more than a picture or a statue wrought by the skillful hand of a great artist? What can fill us with more joy than a good song or beautiful melodies that vibrate in our ears? Besides these we have science—that ever young and interesting woman to whom many a great mind is wedded. And again we must not forget the delight that friendship brings us; the celestial thrills of love, the cheer and sunshine that a child's smile and babble bring to the world.

All these are healthy, life giving, inspiring and everlasting pleasures. They bring real happiness, they are not the shadow of happiness. But to enjoy them we must understand how to make the best of life, the best of circumstances. In the very vicissitudes of life there is some facination, there is something that could contribute to our happiness, if we tried to see things from the proper view point. If, instead of frowning we would smile, instead of being rash we would use a little deeper judgment, the world would be brighter and we would be happier.

No outside thing can make us happy, if we find it not within ourselves. Things appear to us in a certain light; to others they appear in a different light, consequently our happiness depends largely on the light within us. He who cultivates the habit of brooding will always find something over which to brood. He who cultivates cheerfulness will always be cheerful. One of the essentials of happiness is self control, another is to do something for others.

A good deed each day,
A kind word each time,
Will make you happy
And the world sublime.

O. LEONARD.

Leclaire College, Feb. 4, 1904.

THE STUDY TABLE.

*Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone.

A double interest attaches to this book, corresponding to Mr. Paul's memoir of Lord Acton and to the succeeding letters. Mr. Paul is favorably known as the writer of a History of Modern England, only two volumes of which have yet appeared, and less favorably as the author of a life of Matthew Arnold in the "English Men of Letters." His memoir is a matter of ninety-one pages. It is extremely interesting and, if not better, much fuller than Mr. Bryce's in his Studies of Contemporary Biography. It confirms the correction made by Mr. Bryce of much popular misapprehension as to Lord Acton's character. There are two principal associations with his name. One is that of the Cambridge Modern History, often referred to as "Lord Acton's History," because it was of his planning, though he did not live to write any part of it, even so much as a preface or introduction. Good as the three volumes already published are, the work as a whole cannot but lose a great deal in losing his supervision of its continuance and the contributions he would have made to one volume or another. The other popular association of Lord Acton's name is with his library of sixty thousand volumes, which, after his death, was purchased by Mr. Carnegie and presented to Mr. John Morley, who turned it over to Cambridge University, England. The remarkable thing was not that Lord Acton had such an immense collection of books as that his acquaintance with it was extensive to an almost unimaginable degree. No day without a book, was not more true of him than, "No day without a line," yet his reading was much more than his writing. He is said to have known the place of every book upon his shelves. There is ample correction of the idea that he read everything and wrote nothing. Besides his Cambridge lectures on the French Revolution, he wrote many acknowledged articles and the list of his anonymous articles covers twenty octavo pages. A more striking correction is that of the prevalent idea that he was a mere Dry-as-dust, caring only for books. His interest in social and political affairs was as vivid as any contemporary's, and he was one of the most companionable of men. We are permitted to believe that the vivacity of his conversation was equal to that of his letters, and by that sign it must have been astonishing.

The interest of Mr. Paul's memoir must not prevent due recognition of the superior value of Lord Acton's letters. Reading those here collected, and recalling the extent of his correspondence with Gladstone as exhibited in the Gladstone memoir, the wonder is that he found much time for reading and other writing. If Gladstone had been as good a letter-writer, the interest of the Morley book, great as it now is, would have been much enhanced. Lord Acton's relation to Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) must have been a very stimulating one. His letters are a great compliment to the breadth of her culture and intelligence. They range through a wide field of politics, religion, literature and social life. But there is one subject to which they recur with inevitable persistency, and that is Mr. Gladstone. If there is any deduction from the quality of these letters it is that a suspicion intrudes that Mr. Gladstone is being subjected to a benevolent conspiracy, the parties to which are his daughter and Lord Acton. Especially upon the social side he requires, Lord Acton thinks, some judicious management. There was much fear that, Lord Acton being a Roman Catholic, his influence on Gladstone would be a Romanizing influence. But if Gladstone had become such a Romanist as Lord Acton he would not have become less liberal. It is as a Roman Catholic that Lord Acton is most interesting and important. There are many Protestants whom his passion for political, intellectual and religious liberty would put to shame. To write a history of Liberty was his one great desire. He was preeminently an English Catholic, and, if not more English than Catholic, much more English than Roman. Not only was he averse to Cardinal Manning and his "insolent faction," pushing for the dogma of infallibility, but also to Cardinal Newman's sinuous ways. The Roman Church found in him a stern critic. He could have added various counts to Martineau's indictment of its crimes. St. Charles Borromeo was for him an instigator of assassination and the massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned in the secret counsels of the Roman Curia. There could be no better assurance of his breadth and sympathy than his impassioned admiration for George Eliot—a writer at the antipodes from him in theological opinion. The scope of his knowledge is best given in a criticism on "John Inglesant," but vastly more interesting in his attempt to forecast Gladstone's posthumous reputation. This covers several pages and is the most brilliant passage in the book. If it deducts anything from the soundness of Lord Acton's judgment, it adds correspondingly to the ardor of his enthusiasm and the greatness of his heart. J. W. C.

*Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul. With Two Plates. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of "Physical Training for Women, by Japanese Methods." I am not capable of passing an expert testimony on this book, although it is not difficult for any observer to note that a thoroughly good system of physical training is specifically needed by American women. This training cannot be compensated for by artistic dress conceits and stuffing and padding. All the ideals so far worked out by our model-makers lack that something which carries the idea of wholesomeness. The pictures in this volume do not suggest in any case mere art; and better yet, there is nothing of the sensual about them, or gross. Invariably the woman, as she appears in these pictures, is as well developed in one part as in another. In other words, the whole body is developed, and so conveys the idea of honor, purity, beauty and health. One has only to meet a flock of girls going to or from school and study them as physical creatures, to conclude that America either has no ideal, or that it has a bunch of bad ones. Another thing will be noted in these illustrations, that the female frame approaches the male much more closely under judicious training than it does when subject to corsets and indoor labors. The author says, "There is no excuse for aching backs, except in cases of severe illness. Japanese women suffer no more in their backs than they do in other portions of their splendidly built bodies." Again he says that after a long experience in Japanese athletics, he "has no patience with women who consider that merely because of their sex they should be weaker than men. In Japan the women are not weaker; and in this country they have no right to be." The book is a specially good one, and I wish it might be taken into every household and immediately put into practical use. E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO—*All Souls Church.*—Among the many cordialities that welcomed home the Pastor of All Souls Church on the eve of the Easter festival, the most gratifying were the indications on every hand that the work had gone on uninterruptedly during his absence. The Annual, like its twenty predecessors, was on time; a copy was on his table awaiting him, and copies had already preceded him into the homes of his parish. The April announcements, the Easter party on Saturday, the arrangement of the Easter festival program for Sunday, the preparation for the vesper reading of Browning's "Saul" for Easter afternoon, and all other things that would have been done had he stayed at home were better done because he was away. During his absence the pulpit was most acceptably filled,—first, by his UNITY colleague, Rev. R. W. Boynton, of Unity Church, St. Paul; then by Allan Tanner, of Toledo, who has laid down his "Rev." that he may become a minister in a profounder sense from a workshop experience with "The Man in Overalls,"—the subject of his sermon. Mayor Jones justified the title of "Golden Rule Jones" by the message which he brought the Sunday following. The last Sunday a friend and neighbor, Dr. Kuh, spoke the latest word concerning the great white plague, tuberculosis, and its preventive. Mayor Jones's message will appear in this week's UNITY and Dr. Kuh's as soon as space will permit. On the last Sunday of February an Easter egg money-gathering device was distributed among the children of the Sunday-school. Each egg had the possibility of carrying ten dimes, and most of them returned full of meat; the offering amounted to nearly one hundred dollars. The tiniest member expressed the purpose and the spirit of the school when she sacrificed her great store of nineteen pennies with which "to build the Lincoln Centre." The springtime vesper readings were auspiciously opened last Sunday by the reading of "Saul," with musical accompaniments by Mrs. Hiner. This will be followed by a reading of "The Dying Message of Paracelus," from Browning, April 10, "Some Account of Recent Pilgrimages at Lincoln Shrines," April 17, and a Sidney Lanier Symphony, April 24. The readings begin promptly at four o'clock and last an hour, closing with a hymn and a benediction. Mr. Jones's Friday morning Browning class begins the reading of "Pippa Passes" April 5.

Foreign Notes.

THE SOCIALIST VIEWS OF PIUS X.—A correspondent of *Le Signal de Genève* calls attention thus to the subtle influence of a change in environment:

In 1896 Pius X then bishop of Venice, presided over a congress at Padua, which expressed itself distinctly in favor of progressive taxation and against the excesses of the capitalistic régime. Later, immediately after his election, the new pope still approved the program of the catholic socialists of Padua. But alas, it seems that the atmosphere of the Vatican is less favorable to progress than that of the Venitian piazzettas where the bare-footed gamins and bare-headed women crowded about the steps of the "father of the people." In his *motu proprio* of December 18, 1903, the pope goes back on the convictions of the bishop, and Pius X disavows Cardinal Sarto: in social matters no boldness, no attempt at innovation should be encouraged. The new pope makes use of his recent infallibility to recommend to the lowly respect for the great and to solemnly reconsecrate all the old economic prejudices of catholicism.

Verily to understand the people and defend their interests it is best to live with them. Fraternity, even when true and sincere, is quickly lost without contact.

AN ETHNOLOGIST'S PROTEST.—"The Armenians are being exterminated; we pity them, oh how little! The Macedonians, the Jews are being exterminated; we scarcely pay attention. The Tunguses are to be exterminated; we heed not at all."

Such is the opening arraignment in the only protest we have seen against an early Russian proclamation in connection with the present war. As might be expected the protest comes from Switzerland and is voiced in *Le Signal de Genève.* The writer continues:

"The newspapers have given prominence without signs of emotion in any quarter to a proclamation of Viceroy Alexieff inviting the Manchurians to aid the Russian troops to exterminate the Tunguses, who are, he says, the scourge of the country. This explanation is worth its weight in roubles. As well might Attila, invading Gaul, have said to the Gauls that they were the scourge of the country. Is it not Alexieff, by his leave, who is emphatically the scourge of Manchuria and the Tunguses? For the Tunguses are at home where Alexieff is only an intruder despite his railroad tracks and his telegraph poles.

"That may be, but of course as to the Tunguses it does not matter. You will see that not one of the leading journals, even the religious ones, will protest. No one will object to the extermination of the Tunguses, any more than they did to that of the Herreros, undertaken after a solemn invocation to the German God.

"Only later, in face of a Russified Manchuria, it is probable that the missionaries will bitterly regret the old Manchuria of the Manchus and the Tunguses, their brothers, as Esau was the brother of Jacob. Meanwhile, as plainly the chord of Christian sympathy no longer vibrates when it is a question of Kaffres, Herreros or Tunguses, at least let protests be made in the name of science, and let us not permit the "extermination" without more ado of very interesting peoples, who, even though they may have nothing to teach us, nevertheless have at least a right to a place under the sun . . . in a country which is their own and which they have trod from time immemorial."

The Encyclopædia Britannica devotes more than a column to an account of the Tunguses, characterizing them "whether Christian or pagan," as "all alike distinguished above other Asiatics, perhaps above all other peoples, for their truly noble moral qualities." All observers, we are told, describe them as "cheerful under the most depressing circumstances, persevering, open-hearted, trustworthy, modest yet self-reliant, a fearless race of hunters born amidst the gloom of their dense pine forests, exposed from the cradle to every danger from wild beasts, cold and hunger. Want and hardships of every kind they endure with surprising fortitude, and *nothing can induce them to take service under the Russians* or quit their solitary woodlands."

Our italics suggest the long-standing grievance underlying the Russian condemnation of these people, who, even without the threatened extermination by the sword, are said to be rapidly decreasing in numbers "owing to the ravages of smallpox, scarlet fever and especially famine, their most dreaded enemy."

M. E. H.

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Period II. 10:00-10:30—Normal Work. First year of the seven years' course in religion, "Beginnings; or The Cradle Life of the Soul." Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Period III. 10:45-12. First two weeks, studies in Sociology, from John Ruskin. Mr. Jones.

Third week. The Prometheus Cycle of Legends by Miss Anne B. Mitchell. This study is for the purpose of extending acquaintance with myths that originate with the early races, grow clearer in the heroic legends of Hesiod and Homer, attain large proportions in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, find fanciful outlet in "The Masque of Pandora" of Longfellow, noble rendering in the hands of Lowell and Gœthe, and reach culminating expression in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.

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